The LIFE of a *Frolickſome Fellow.*

IN London my life is a ring of delight,
In frolicks I keep up the day and the night,
I ſnooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later,
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter;
Your honour, ſays he, and he tips me a leg,
He brings me my tea, but I ſwallow an egg,
For tea in a morning's a ſlop I renounce,
So I down with a glaſs of the right cherry bounce.

CHORUS.

With ſwearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flaſhing,
Smaſhing, ſmacking, cracking, rumbling, tumbling,
Laughing, quaffing, ſmoaking, jocking, ſwaggering,
ſtaggering
So thoughtleſs, ſo knowing, ſo green and ſo mellow,
This, this is the life of a frolickſome fellow.

My phæton I mount, and the plebs they all ſtare,
I handle my reins and my elbows I ſquare,
My posies ſo plump, and as white as a lilly,
Thro' Pall-Mall I ſpank it, and up Piccadilly;
Till loſing a wheel, egad! down come I ſmack,
So at Knightſbridge I throw myſelf into a hack,
At Tatterſall's fling a leg over my nag,
Thus viſit for dinner, then dreſs in a bag.

I roll round the Garden, and call at the Roſe,
And then at both playhouſes pop in my noſe,
I lounge in the lobby, laugh, ſwear, ſtride, and
and ſwagger,
Talk loud, take my money, and out again ſtagger;
I meet at the Shakeſpear a good natur'd ſoul,
Then down to our club at St. James's I roll,
The joys of the night are a houſand at play,
And thus at the finiſh begin the next day.